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From *Whitianga Testament*

## Two

“Je suis l’espace où je suis.”

NOËL ARNAUD

Shells, pools, holes in the mudflat,  
edges, ledges, shelves and hollow places;  
homes; so utterly these  
are homes for each particular inhabitant,  
each creature is its habitat  
its space the locus of its movement.

I walk the waterline at dusk, the mud  
at low tide sucking at my feet,  
these little brown and olive crabs  
scuttling from me. Look.  
They scud across a broken image of the moon  
scattered over saturated sand.

I’ve been away from here too long, so long  
required to live another life,  
so long an actor in a play, but somehow  
got the stage-directions wrong.  
Now I just want to head for home,  
a home just where I am.

JOHN ALLISON